THE
National Tribune.
"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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Andersonville:

A Story of Rebel Military Prisons.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The wonderful country about Cumberland Gap, and the strategic importance of that place. Need of food and forage for the garrison sends a battalion of cavalry up Powell's Valley to secure its supplies. A rebel command starts down the valley. The two forces meet and the rebels are routed.

The cavalry battalion occupies the country gained, and protects the forage trains sent out to gather up the supplies. On Jan. 3, 1864, the battalion is attacked by Jones's Brigade of rebels, and after a stubborn, desperate fight is compelled to surrender. The prisoners are taken to Richmond. Interior and exterior scenes in Richmond. Stoppage of exchange.

The first squad of prisoners leave for Andersonville. Gen. Winder and Capt. Wirz take charge of the prison.

The month of March is passed in the pen, with little shelter from the snow, rain, and wind. The prison fills up with additional squads. Prisoners plagued by vermin. Trading with guards.

The prisoners' minds are bent on exchange or escape. Much time devoted to tunnel-digging. The crowd inside the prison rapidly increases, rations grow worse, the misery intensifies, and there is an appalling increase in the mortality.

Plundering prisoners, known as Raiders, attempt the murder of Leroy L. Key, who forms a band of Regulators. The latter defeat the Raiders in a terrible battle. The Raider leaders are arrested, and at a court-martial of the prisoners six are sentenced to death. The Raiders hanged amid intense excitement. The executions are followed by organization of a strong police force among the prisoners.

The author interpolates in his narrative a transcript of the evidence at the Wirz trial of Prof. Joseph Jones, a Surgeon of high rank in the rebel army, who visited Andersonville to make a scientific study of the conditions of disease there.

The horrors of August. The Providential Spring. The food, its meagerness and inferior quality. The escape, race with bloodhounds and recapture of the author and a companion. Fall of Atlanta. Announcement of a general exchange.

The author, with others, leaves for Savannah. They are disappointed to find they are not to be exchanged, but confined in the Savannah prison-pen. The prisoners are taken to Millen, and receive better treatment.

The narrative of the attempts to escape of Serg't Leroy L. Key is told by himself. After the hanging of the Raider leaders he obtained a parole and worked in the cook-house. An important condition of the parole was violated by Wirz himself. Key and others then managed to pass the guards, but were caught several days later by citizens, and put in jail at Hamilton, Ga. They were taken to Macon, and thence to Savannah, being paroled on Nov. 24, 1864.

Sherman's advance frightens the rebels into taking the prisoners from Millen. They arrive at Blackshear, and soon exchange is announced, and the rebel officials explain that all must sign the parole. But after signing the "parole" they are sent to Savannah, thence to Charleston.

From Charleston the prisoners go to Florence. In the prison there they meet some of their former Andersonville comrades, who took a different route from the author and his companions.

From Charleston the prisoners go to Florence. Cruelty of Lieut. Barrett, of the prison there. Statistics as to the number who died.

CHAPTER LXXI.

DULL WINTER DAYS—ATTEMPTS OF THE REBELS TO RECRUIT US INTO THEIR ARMY. THE CLASS OF MEN THEY OBTAINED. VENGEANCE ON "THE GALVANIZED." A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE — RARE GLIMPSES OF FUN.

THE REBELS CONTINUED their efforts to induce prisoners to enlist in their army, and with much better success than at any previous time. Many men had become so desperate that they were reckless as to what they did. Home, relatives, friends, happiness—all they had remembered or looked forward to, all that had nerved them up to endure the present and brave the future—now seemed separated from them forever by a yawning and impassable chasm.

For many weeks no new prisoners had come in to rouse their drooping courage with news of the progress of our arms towards final victory, or refresh their remembrances of home, and the gladsomeness of "God's Country." Before them they saw nothing but weeks of slow and painful progress towards bitter death. The other alternative was enlistment in the rebel army.

Another class went out and joined, with no other intention than to escape at the first opportunity. They justified their bad faith to the rebels by recalling the numberless instances of the rebels' bad faith to us, and usually closed their arguments in defense of their course with:

"No oath administered by a rebel can have any binding obligation. These men are outlaws who have not only broken their oaths to the Government, but who have deserted from its service and turned its arms against it. They are perjurers and traitors, and, in addition, the oath they administer to us is under compulsion, and for that reason is of no account."

Still another class, mostly made up from the old Raider crowd, enlisted from natural depravity. They went out more than for anything else because their hearts were prone to evil, and they did that which was wrong in preference to what was right. By far the largest portion of those the rebels obtained were of this class, and a more worthless crowd of soldiers has not been seen since Falstaff mustered his famous recruits.

After all, however, the number who deserted their flag was astonishingly small, considering all the circumstances. The official report says 326, but I imagine this is under the truth, since quite a number were turned back in after their utter uselessness had been demonstrated.

I suppose that 500 "galvanized," as we termed it, but this was very few when the hopelessness of exchange, the despair of life, and the wretchedness of the condition of the 11,000 or 12,000 inside the Stockade is remembered.

The motives actuating men to desert were not closely analyzed by us, but we held all who did so as despicable scoundrels, too vile to be adequately described in words. It was not safe for a man to announce his intention of "galvanizing," for he incurred much danger of being beaten until he was physically unable to reach the gate. Those who went over to the enemy had to use great discretion in letting the rebel officers know so much of their wishes as would secure their being taken outside. Men were frequently knocked down and dragged away while telling the officers they wanted to go out.

On one occasion 100 or more of the Raider crowd, who had galvanized, were stopped for a few hours in some little town, on their way to the front. They lost no time in stealing everything they could lay their hands upon, and the disgusted rebel commander ordered them to be returned to the Stockade. They came in in the evening, all well rigged out in rebel uniforms and carrying blankets.

We chose to consider their good clothes and equipments an aggravation of their offense and an insult to ourselves. We had at that time quite a squad of negro soldiers inside with us. Among them was a gigantic fellow with a fist like a wooden beetle. Some of the white boys resolved to use these to wreak the camp's displeasure on the "galvanized." The plan was carried out capitally. The big darky, followed by a crowd of smaller and nimbler "shades," would approach one of the leaders among them with:

"Is you a 'galvanized?'"

The surly reply would be:

"Yes. What business is that of yours?"

At that instant the bony fist of the darky, descending like a pile-driver, would catch the recreant under the ear, and lift him about a rod. As he fell, the smaller darkies would pounce upon him, and in an instant despoil him of his blanket and perhaps the larger portion of his warm clothing.

The operation was repeated with a dozen or more. The whole camp enjoyed it as rare fun, and it was the only time that I saw nearly everybody at Florence laugh.

A few prisoners were brought in in December, who had been taken in Foster's attempt to cut the Charleston & Savannah Railroad at Pocataligo. Among them we were astonished to find Charley Hirsch, a member of Co. K of our battalion. He had had a strange experience. He was originally a member of a Texas regiment, and was captured at Arkansas Post. He then took the oath of allegiance and enlisted with us.

While we were at Savannah he approached a guard one day to trade for tobacco. The moment he spoke to the man he recognized him as a former comrade in the Texas regiment. The latter knew him also, and sang out:

"I know you; you're Charley Hirsch, who used to be in my company."

Charley backed into the crowd as quickly as possible, to elude the fellow's eyes, but the latter called for the Corporal of the Guard, had himself relieved, and in a few minutes came in with an officer in search of the deserter. He found him with little difficulty, and took him out.

The luckless Charley was tried by court-martial, found guilty, sentenced to be shot, and while waiting execution was confined in the jail. Before the sentence could be carried into effect Sherman came so close to the city that it was thought best to remove the prisoners. In the confusion Charley managed to make his escape, and at the moment the battle of Pocataligo opened was lying concealed between the two lines of battle, without knowing, of course, that he was in such a dangerous locality.

After the firing opened he thought it better to lie still than run the risk from the fire of both sides, especially as he momentarily expected our folks to advance and drive the rebels away. But the reverse happened; the Johnnies drove our fellows, and, finding Charley in his place of concealment, took him for one of Foster's men, and sent him to Florence, where he staid until we went through to our lines.

Our days went by as stupidly and eventless as can be conceived. We had grown too spiritless and lethargic to dig tunnels or plan escapes. We had nothing to read, nothing to make or destroy, nothing to work with, nothing to play with, and even no desire to contrive anything for amusement.

All the cards in the prison were worn out long ago. Some of the boys had made dominos from bones, and Andrews and I still had our chessmen, but we were too listless to play. The mind, enfeebled by the long disuse of it, except in a few limited channels, was unfitted for even so much effort as was involved in a game for pastime.

Nor was there any physical exercise, such as that crowd of young men would have delighted in under other circumstances. There was no running, boxing, jumping, wrestling, leaping, etc. All were too weak and hungry to make any exertion beyond that absolutely necessary. On cold days everybody seemed totally benumbed. The camp would be silent and still.

Little groups everywhere hovered for hours, moody and sullen, over diminutive, flickering fires, made with one poor handful of splinters. When the sun shone, more activity was visible. Boys wandered around, hunted up their friends, and saw what gaps death—always busiest during the cold spells—had made in the ranks of their acquaintances.

Besides the whipping of the "galvanized" by the darkies, I remember but two other bits of amusement we had while at Florence. One of these was in hearing the colored soldiers sing patriotic songs, which they did with great gusto when the weather became mild; the other was the antics of an ex-circus clown,—a member, I believe, of a Connecticut or a New York regiment,—who, on the rare occasions when we were feeling not exactly well so much as simply better than we had been, would give us an hour or two of recitations of the drollest ties with which he was wont to set the crowded canvas in a roar.

One of his happiest efforts, I remember, was a stilted paraphrase of "Old Uncle Ned," a song very popular a quarter of a century ago, which ran something like this:

There was an old darky, an' his name was Uncle Ned,
But he died long ago, long ago;
He had no wool on de top of his head,
De place whar de wool ought to grow.

CHORUS:

Den lay down de shubbel an' de hoe,
Den hang up de fiddle an' de bow;
For dere's no more hard work for poor Uncle Ned;
He's gone whar de good niggahs go.

His fingers war long, like de cane in de brake,
And his eyes were too dim for to see;
He had no teeth to eat de corn cake,
So he had to let the corn cake be.

His legs were so bowed dat he couldn't lie still;
An' he had no nails on his toes;
His neck was so crooked that he couldn't take a pill,
So he had to take a pill through his nose.

One cold, frosty morning old Uncle Ned died,
An' de tears ran down massa's cheek like rain,
For he knew when Uncle Ned was laid in de groun'
He would never see poor Uncle Ned again.

In the hands of this artist the song became—

There was an aged and indifferent African whose cognomen was Uncle Edward,
But he is deceased since a remote period, a very remote period;
He possessed no capillary substance on the summit of his cranium,
The place designated by kind Nature for the capillary substance to vegetate.

CHORUS:

Then let the agricultural implements rest recumbent upon the ground;
And suspend the musical instruments in peace upon the wall,
For there's no more physical energy to be displayed by our indigent Uncle Edward,
He has departed to that place set apart by a beneficent Providence for the reception of the better class of Africans.

And so on. These rare flashes of fun only served to show the underlying misery out in greater relief. It was like lightning playing across the surface of a dreary morass.

CHAPTER LXXII.

INABILITY OF THE REBELS TO COUNT. IGNORANCE IN OTHER WAYS—LIEUT. BARRETT'S DEGREE OF INTELLIGENCE.

I have before alluded several times to the general inability of rebels to count accurately, even in low numbers. One continually met phases of this that seemed simply incomprehensible to us, who had taken in the multiplication table almost with our mother's milk, and knew the rule of three as well as a Presbyterian boy does the Shorter Catechism.

A cadet—an undergraduate of the South Carolina Military Institute—called our roll at Florence, and though an inborn young aristocrat, who believed himself made of finer clay than most mortals, he was not a bad fellow at all. He thought South Carolina aristocracy the finest gentry, and the South Carolina Military Institute the greatest institution of learning in the world; but that is common with all South Carolinians.

One day he came in so full of some matter of rare importance that we became somewhat excited as to its nature. Dismissing our hundred after roll-call, he unburdened his mind:

"Now you fellers are all so peart on mathematics, and such things, that you want to snap me up on every opportunity, but I guess I've got something this time that'll settle you. It's something that a fellow gave out yesterday, and Col. Iverson and all the officers out there have been figuring on it ever since, and none have got the right answer, and I'm powerful sure that none of you, smart as you think you are, can do it."

"Heavens and earth, let's hear this wonderful problem," said we all.

"Well," said he, "what is the length of a pole standing in a river, one-fifth of which is in the mud, two-thirds in the water, and one-eighth above the water, while one foot and three inches of the top is broken off?"

In a minute a dozen answered: "One hundred and fifty feet."

The cadet could only look his amazement at the possession of such an amount of learning by a crowd of mud-sills, and one of our fellows said contemptuously:

"Why, if you South Carolina Institute fellows couldn't answer such questions as that they wouldn't allow you in the infant class up North."

Lieut. Barrett, our red-headed tormentor, could not, for the life of him, count those inside in hundreds and thousands in such a manner as to be reasonably certain of correctness. As it would have cankered his soul to feel that he was being beaten out of a half-dozen rations by the superior cunning of the Yankees, he adopted a plan which he must have learned at some period of his life when he was a hog or sheep drover.

Every Sunday morning all in the camp were driven across the creek to the East Side, and then made to file slowly back—one at a time—between two guards stationed on the little bridge that spanned the creek. By this means, if he was able to count up to 100, he could get our number correctly.

The first time this was done after our arrival he gave us a display of his wanton malevolence. We were nearly all assembled on the East Side, and were standing in ranks, at the edge of the swamp, facing the west. Barrett was walking along the opposite edge of the swamp, and, coming to a little gully, jumped it. He was very awkward, and came near falling into the mud.

We all yelled derisively. He turned toward us in a fury, shook his fist, and shouted curses and imprecations. We yelled still louder. He snatched out his revolver, and began firing at our line. The distance was considerable—say 400 or 500 feet—and the bullets stuck in the mud in advance of the line. We still yelled. Then he jerked a gun from a guard and fired, but his aim was still bad, and the bullet sang over our heads, striking in the bank above us. He posted off to get another gun, but his fit subsided before he obtained it.

Speaking of the rations reminds me of an incident. Joe Darling, of the 1st Me., our chief of police, had a sister living at Augusta, Ga., who occasionally came to Florence with a basket of food and other necessaries for her brother. On one of these journeys, while sitting in Col. Iverson's tent, waiting for her brother to be brought out of prison, she picked out of her basket a nicely-browned doughnut and handed it to the guard pacing in front of the tent, with:

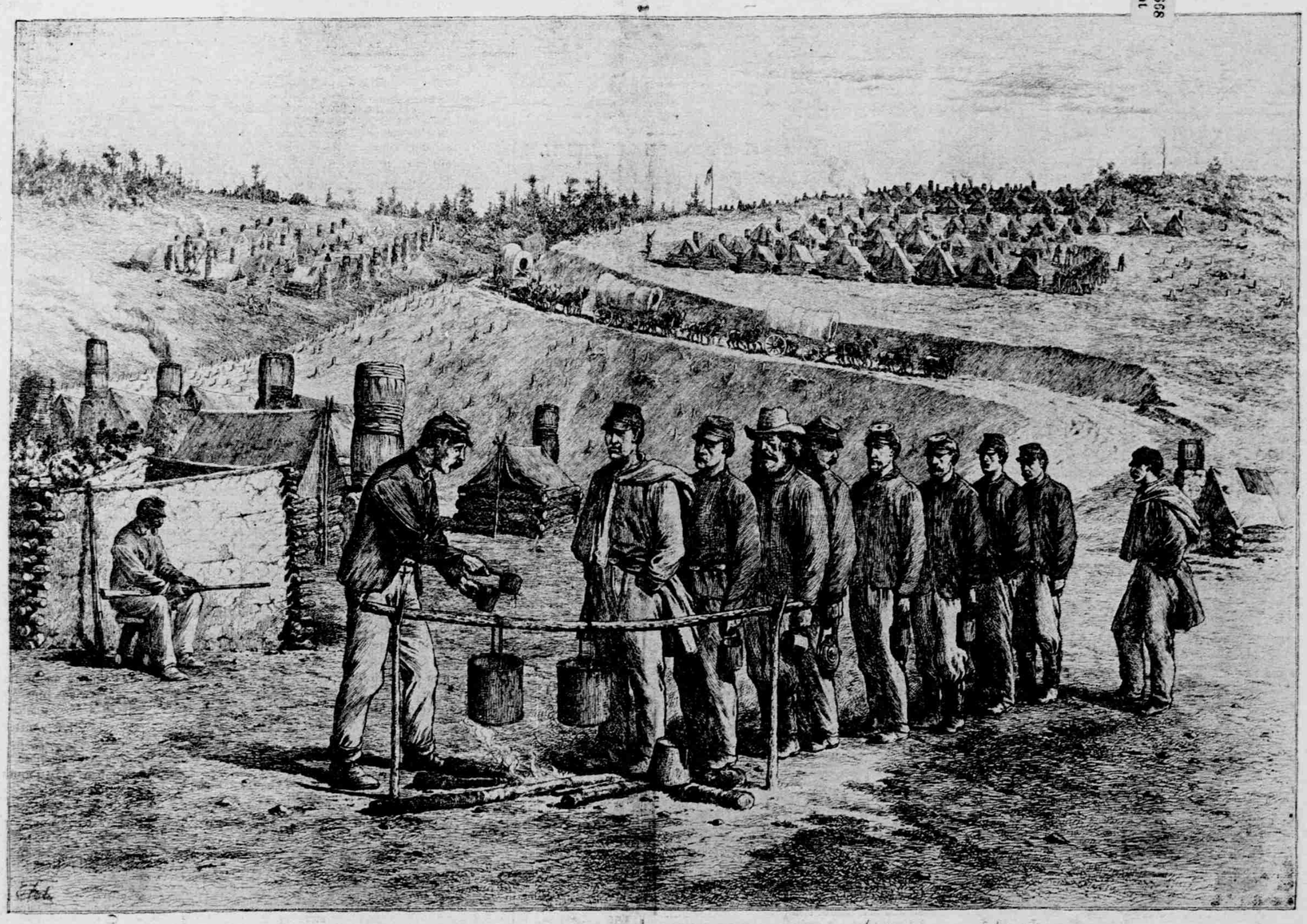
"Here, guard, wouldn't you like a genuine Yankee doughnut?"

The guard—a lank, loose-jointed Georgia cracker—who had in all his life seen very little more inviting food than the hog, hominy and molasses upon which he had been raised, took the cake, turned it over and inspected it curiously for some time, without apparently getting the least idea of what it was or was for, and then handed it back to the donor, saying:

"Really, mum, I don't believe I've got any use for it."

(Continued on third page)

EDITORIAL NOTE. The daring escape from Themasville, Ga., of Serg't Walter Hartsaugh, Co. K, 16th Ill. Cav., will be told in his own words in the next installment of "Andersonville." Lively times at Florence at the news of Sherman's advance are portrayed.



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"FALL IN FOR SOUP."

A Scene in a Winter Camp.

Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of New York.

This is another of Edwin Forbes's great war etchings which have excited admiration all over the world. It is a wonderfully faithful representation of a scene in a Winter cantonment. Every detail is eloquent of those well-remembered places. The black, forlorn stumps, the ever-present mud, the dreary skies,—all are in their full force.

The event of the day was falling-in for soup, prepared by the artist on detail for the day in his open-air studio. It was an article that would not pass muster at a fashionable restaurant, but it was hot, there was usually plenty of it, the beans were abundant, and as good as Michigan or New England soil could produce, the pork was the finest product of the Illinois cornfields, and if the artist had been mindful of his duty, had cooked the soup long enough, and stirred it diligently to prevent its burning, it was very appetizing, went right to the spot, and built up fine locomotive apparatus for the future marching and battling. If on the other hand he had been careless and lazy, there was likely to be a summary court-martial with his comrades "organized to convict," and he was lucky if he escaped with nothing worse than being tossed in a blanket. When one looks on the steaming pot, the words of the old refrain rise at once to the mind:

"Beans for breakfast,
Beans for dinner,
Beans for supper,
Beans! Beans! Beans!"

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MEMOIRS OF GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CROSSED AT ORANGEBURG

Gen. M. F. Force's Story of the Advance.

HIS WORK AT ATLANTA

Operations of the Second Division, Sixteenth Corps.

LIVELY WORK AT THE FRONT

Extracts from Gen. T. W. Sweeny's Military Record.

(COPYRIGHT).

A LETTER FROM GEN. M. F. Force, dated at Pomeroy, O., Aug. 31, 1875, reads:

GENERAL: In your "Memoirs," giving the grand movements of the war, it is, of course, not to be expected that you could take time to verify all small details. And yet most of the officers as well as men were engaged only in details. It is a matter of little moment to history whether the commander is called Smith or Brown; but to the commander the difference is, whether he really was present in the war or not.

I confess when I first read your book I was vexed, because it looked as if you intentionally blotted me out of the war, not by mere omission to mention, for that might easily happen, but by describing some things I did, and giving credit for them to others.

I certainly was present in your command. From Acworth to the 21st July my brigade was the very whiplash of the army: it always constituted the very extreme of one of the flanks, sometimes the right, sometimes the left. Though I then commanded only a brigade, Gen. McPherson used to send orders directing me by name to command little expeditions. I had only four staff officers besides a Quartermaster.

Yet, from Kenesaw to Pocotaligo, three of my staff were killed outright; one was mortally wounded; one was taken prisoner; and two were sent to hospital, broken down with exhaustion. I was myself wounded on the 2d July; at the time it was supposed to be a mortal wound.

The Seventeenth Corps forced a crossing at Orangeburg; you say it was done by the divisions of Mower and Giles Smith. My division is not named or in any way referred to.

On the 10th of February, the Seventeenth Corps lay in camp on the south fork of the Edisto, below Binnaker's Bridge. In the afternoon my division was moved across the river, and two miles beyond. At 7 o'clock a. m. next day, I set out under orders to push the crossing of the north fork at Orangeburg, and save the bridge, but not attempt to cross.

I moved so rapidly that Gen. Howard coming up found a gap of four miles between the rear of my train and the head of the next following division.

On reaching the swamp bordering the river, I detached the 20th Ohio, which double-quicked over the causeway, charging and driving the hostile cavalry so that they could not pause to injure the causeway or the bridges over the small streams of the Edisto. Near the main stream the road bends, and a battery on the farther side of the river commanded the bridge and the road to the bend.

I drew the men off the road at this point, and posted the 20th Ohio in the water under the trees that skirted the

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EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the next installment of "Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman" will appear Gen. G. M. Dodge's account of the part taken by the Sixteenth Corps in the movement on Resaca, as well as his statement as to the battle of Atlanta.